

Adrian the Strong Little Engine

by RetroCaboose

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Summary: The Skarloey Railway is always prepared for Summer. But are they prepared for this Summer? Join the engines of the Skarloey Railway as they struggle through the Holiday Season and make a new friend who might just take some weight off their shoulders. Please read and review! I'll try to upload at least one chapter a day

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1 : Summer

It was a beautiful day on the Island of Sodor. Summer had just began and the engines were prepared for upcoming traffic.

None were more prepared than the Skarloey Railway as Mr. Percival rolled up to their sheds to give them their jobs.

"Good morning everyone. As you know today is the first day of Summer Holidays, " he explained as he stepped off his bike, "Now without further ado, I must give you your jobs."

Mr. Percival generally used a portable whiteboard to draw a job chart for his railway. He wheeled it over from its resting space on the side of the sheds to show the engines. As he pulled out a laser pointer he began to speak.

"At Blue Mountain Quarry today, I have Skarloey, Rheneas, Sir Handel, Freddie, and Ivo Hugh. There isn't much shunting for today but you might need to load up some stone hoppers. Norramby is restoring an old manor at the edge of his estate. Now be on your way."

The little engines puffed away to do their job.

"Speaking of the Estate...Duke and Bertram! You get to help out Millie do tours. Don't worry, she'll tell you what to do."

"Oh hooray sir!" cheered Bertram.

"That sounds wonderful," said Duke.

In all their years, the two engines had never been to Ulfstead Castle. They cheerful puffed away to the depot to pick up coaches to take to Ulfstead.

"Rusty and Mighty Mac, you are going to the wharf to help Colin load more supplies to restore the manor. James, Thomas, Percy, and Bear will be there. Get along with them okay?"

"Okay sir!" chorused the pair, or rather, trio.

"Fred, you can handle a routine inspection by yourself right?"

"I'll manage," grumbled the lazy diesel.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Percival.

"I mean yes sir!"

"Now Luke, Peter Sam, and Duncan, you're doing passengers up and down the line. First go to the depot for a washdown and fetch your coaches."

"Aye aye sir!" cheered Luke. He liked to carry passengers.

"I'll be spic and span for the holidaymakers," promised Peter Sam.

"I don't want want any complainers," complained Duncan, ironically.

The three engines steamed away to the depot.

The Thin Controller walked away to his office, taking his hat off to wipe away the sweat.

We're in for a busy summer, he thought to himself. But he would soon be surprised.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2 : Photoshoot

Mr. Percival sat down in his swivel chair at the office and opened up his laptop to update the work schedule. Suddenly, his phone began to buzz. It was a text message from "Sodor Daily" a newspaper

****Hey Mr. P, we're thinking about doing a photoshoot for the ad, are you in?***

The Thin Controller decided to text back.

****Sure, I know of a spot to take pictures. Meet me at Glencock Station.***

The Thin Controller wouldn't be relaxing today and he packed up his camera. As he stepped out of the front door he saw his wife gardening.

"Good morning dear, I'm off to take pictures for the ad,"

"Oh, have fun, I'll just be here in the yard garden. I will have cod ready for dinner."

Mr. Percival kissed his wife on the cheek as he climbed on his bike. Then he set off for Glencock.

He soon arrived at a little hill and the camera crew had already set up with their cameras pointed at the station below.

"Mr. P! Glad you could make it. Do you know which train will be coming in next?" quickly spoke, Miles, the head photographer.

"I actually have no idea, but let's see who comes in and we'll take a picture of them."

Minutes passed when they heard a high pitch whistle echo through the station followed by puffing.

"Must be Luke, " reasoned the Thin Controller.

"Perfect!" exclaimed Miles, "I remember the last shoot we had at BMQ. The camera loves his childish energy."

But Luke's energy was more like an old man. He wheezed and spewed steam and smoke as he crawled along the rails. Suddenly there was a loud snap and Luke rattled to a stop, feeling embarrassed. The camera crew ran over from the hill to meet him.

"Luke! What the heck happened?" exclaimed Miles and Mr. Percival as they ran up to him.

"Sorry sir, I've been working hard and it really hurts!" the little green engine wheezed through tears.

His driver leaned out of the cab, "He said he wanted to impress you and be useful even when something burst."

Suddenly Fred rolled by as Mr Percival flagged him down.

"Sir, what is it? I'm going to the transfer yards for a mechanic and rescue crew, Freddie and Ivo Hugh collided at the Quarry while they were rushing around.

"My lord, they're dropping like flies," moaned Miles.

"Pardon me Mr. Photographer but I'm not _that _dirty," grunted Luke.

"It's an expression you silly little engine!" said Mr. Percival, " I guess that we'll have to call off the photoshoot for today."

Chapter 3: Duncan's (not very smart) Idea & Ivo Hugh's Revenge

With Freddie, Ivo Hugh, and Luke gone, the engines had a lot more work to do. They believed that they needed help with the summer traffic.

"We need a new engine help with passengers and goods on our line sir," said Skarloey to Mr. Percival one morning while he sat outside of his station.

"Yes Skarloey, of course I know of this but please do remember that I am trying my best to arrange it," was the Thin Controller's response.

The engines were back to their jobs from yesterday but Sir Handel had to fill in for Ivo Hugh and Freddie while Duncan did Luke's work. The two engines were not happy about the extra work.

That night, at the sheds, the two tired and worn out engines complained.

"It's not fair," groaned Duncan, "We have to do extra work just because Luke doesn't know when to stop before he blows!"

"And Ivo Hugh and Freddie have a race that ends in disaster. Now I have three times as many trucks," added Sir Handel.

"We need to do something about it because I can't take it," continued Duncan.

"What do you suggest then?" asked Sir Handel.

"I think...that we should go on strike!" proudly proclaimed Duncan.

"A what?"

"A strike! We stop doing work and stay in our sheds until we don't have to do any work."

"Ah, "

And so the two engines refused to move, making the rest of the railway grumpy as they had to fill the vacant positions. Unfortunately, Mr. Percival had no idea of this strike.

Ivo Hugh and Luke returned to the railway repaired but now they were put in as Duncan and Sir Handel's replacements. The two engines were pulling shunting coaches at Crovan's Gate.

"We've got a lot of work to do little friends," said Peter Sam as he supervised them.

"Oh Peter Sam, I'll try my best," said Luke as he backed down on the coaches.

But the coaches did not appreciate this, "Where's Duncan?" they screeched, " We don't want a smelly little green goblin, " said one.

"And one that falls apart, " added another.

Luke couldn't take this and he uncoupled from the coaches and darted into a siding tearfully.

"Oh dear, " said Peter Sam, trying to make sense of the situation, "Never mind Luke, I guess that Ivo Hugh will pull your coaches. I'll have driver get you transferred to the wharf."

"T-that s-sounds wonderful," sniffed Luke as he puffed out of the station.

Ivo Hugh was furious that the coaches were nasty to Luke. "You naughty cattle trucks!" he scolded as he bumped them hard, "You've gone and upset one of my friends. I'll be pulling you but I don't want anymore insults or taunts from you posh piles of wood and metal!"

The coaches were appalled. They didn't say a word as Ivo Hugh took them away down the line.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4: A Simple Favor

"Excuse me sir, you're wanted on the telephone."

"Bother that telephone!" boomed the portly man as he stood up to reluctantly answer the telephone anyways, "This is Bertram Topham Hatt, director of the North Western Railway, how may I help you today?"

"Topham, it's me, Percival, I need something done."

"What is it?"

"I've realised with the increasing summer traffic, I've needed a new engine. Now I have two in the shop and two that aren't showing up for any of their jobs. Where can I get a new engine?"

"You can't find any more steamers around anymore, but if you want, I can have Bear and James check in the scrapyards when they go."

"Thank you Topham, I will have you payed handsomely if this all works out!"

"That won't be necessary," responded Sir Topham Hatt as he hung up the phone and walked out the Knapford Station, "Bear, James, Mr. Percival has asked me to do him a favor. I want you to tell him if you see any narrow gauge engines at the scrapyard, okay?"<p>

"Yes sir!" promised Bear, "Come along James. We mustn't wait to do our job!"

"Yeah, yeah. Let's go find this engine!"

The diesel and the red engine ran smoothly down the line to the mainland in order to drop off rusted trucks.

They approached the yard filled to the brim with piles of various garbage and derelict machinery. Suddenly the two engines heard a voice.

****Hey ladies and gents (if anyone had been following the story or waiting, that is) sorry this chapter is late, my computer's been-messing up so I have to use my phone to type. Sorry but that****

****~R.C.****

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5 : Adrian

"H-hello," squeaked the voice quietly, "Is someone there?"

James and Bear stopped dead in their tracks to find the source of the voice. They looked around and we're only met by heaps of garbage and twisted metal.

"Down here!" called the voice.

Looking down, Bear saw a little engine. It was battered, rusted, and mangled by years of weathering and decaying in a siding. The paint peeled off of the boiler revealing a large and jagged crack in his side. There was a name plate but all the diesel could see were the letters 'A' and 'D'

"Well hello there little one," Bear said, smiling warmly, "What is your name?"

"Well everyone here calls me 'junk', 'garbage', or 'scrap', but I like to be called Adrian. That was my name on my old railway before they sent me here on a vacation! "

Bear's smile soon twisted into a frown. He almost envied the poor engine's sense of naivety. He nodded to James as if to say 'go tell the Fat Controller'.

James obeyed and raced out of the scrapyard to go get the Fat Controller. Just then Arry and Bert arrived, and they were not very please with a diesel that was sympathetic to steam engines being in their domain.

"What do you think your doing?" growled the latter, as he oiled up around beside the hymen diesel.

Bear was quick to give a convincing display of lacking any connection to the earlier conversation, "Oh I was just sitting here to dump off some scrap for you gents!"

Arry came up along the other side of Bear, "Is that so? Then were's the scrap then?"

_Oh crap, _thought Bear, _James must have taken it when he left._

"I...Iâ€¦" Bear stuttered. Just then, his engine started to growl

like it did sometimes. The noise became louder as Bear put on an intimidating face. Then, he charged at the two reapers!

"What do you think your doing!?" shouted Arry.

"He's crazy!" replied Bert, "Run!"

And they took off, leaving Bear to return talking to Adrian.

The little engine smiled up at Bear, "Oh thank you Mr! Those bullies always dump garbage on me when they see me. It even cracked my funnel!" he said, looking up at the twisted mess of metal and pipes that were his funnel.

"Don't mention it. Those two are all bark and no bite!" responded Bear, as he started to drive away.

Adrian started to worry, "No don't leave me. What if they come back?"

"Don't worry, I'll be back by sundown!" called Bear as he disappeared past the chain link fence and the piles of junk.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6 : Return

Bear was shunting vans for the Flying Kipper when James pulled in to collect the train. Bear thought to himself about the conflict they had with Arry and Bert earlier that day.

"Hey James we really showed those bullies today!" he said as he rolled up beside him. Letting off a growl.

The red engine snorted as he looked back, "Are you sure you thought your engine was talking again?"

"But don't you remember-"

"Look I've gotta pull the Kipper tonight! We'll continue this discussion later."

The fog horn at the docks sounded as the Dockyard Manager signalled for Bear to back away. He returned to his train of thought.

If it wasn't James who was there when I confronted Arry and Bert, then who was it?

Suddenly he remembered once more that he had befriended Adrian and had promised to return before sundown.

He raced towards Salty and began to speak while trying to catch his breath, "SaltycanyoupleasecivermyshiftformeIreallyneedtogo!"

"Slow down there matey!" The diesel chuckled, "What do you need?"

"Can you please cover my shift? I've broken a promise and need to make it up to my friend!"

"Of course I will. A good engine keeps his word."

Before thanking Salty, Bear sped away to get to the scrapyard. His thoughts were stuck on how he would make it up to Adrian. He was so focused that neither he, nor his driver noticed that the signal was red! Not to mention they were on the wrong track.

As they raced around a bend, the air echoed with a loud horn. The tracks began to rattle as a pair of headlights appeared up the track.

"It's Pip and Emma!" cried the driver as he threw Bear into reverse.

Once the twin diesels noticed that Bear was on their track, it was much too late to stop. They blasted their horns twice more while flashing emergency lights.

"We need to switch onto the other line!" called Bear.

"We can't! We have to wait until we can pull into a siding!" responded the driver.

He was right, the other line was occupied by Murdoch, pulling a goods train. The stoic engine could only look on in horror at the imminent crash.

Now Bear was exhausted, his engine belched black smoke as the cooling fan growled to a stop. Now he was in danger of overheating if he kept up this pace.

But he bravely pushed on. Keeping quite a lead on the streamlined express diesels. In fact, he was beginning to lose them!

"We need to stop! We have to!" yelled the driver, searching for a siding.

Bear looked behind himself and was in such shock he could only stutter. They had just rushed past Maron Station and now came the toughest climb Bear had ever seen.

"It's Gordon's Hill!" he screamed, absolutely terrified.

Finally, a switch appeared and they swerved roughly out of the way of danger. Pip and Emma sped past.

"Sorry Bear!" they chorused as they disappeared over the top of the hill.

Now we're nearly back where we started. It might take all night to reach Adrian. Bear thought sadly.

I think that Bear will become a prominent character. And don't worry the skarloey railway will be back next chapter. Thanks for the reviews.

_RC

End
file.